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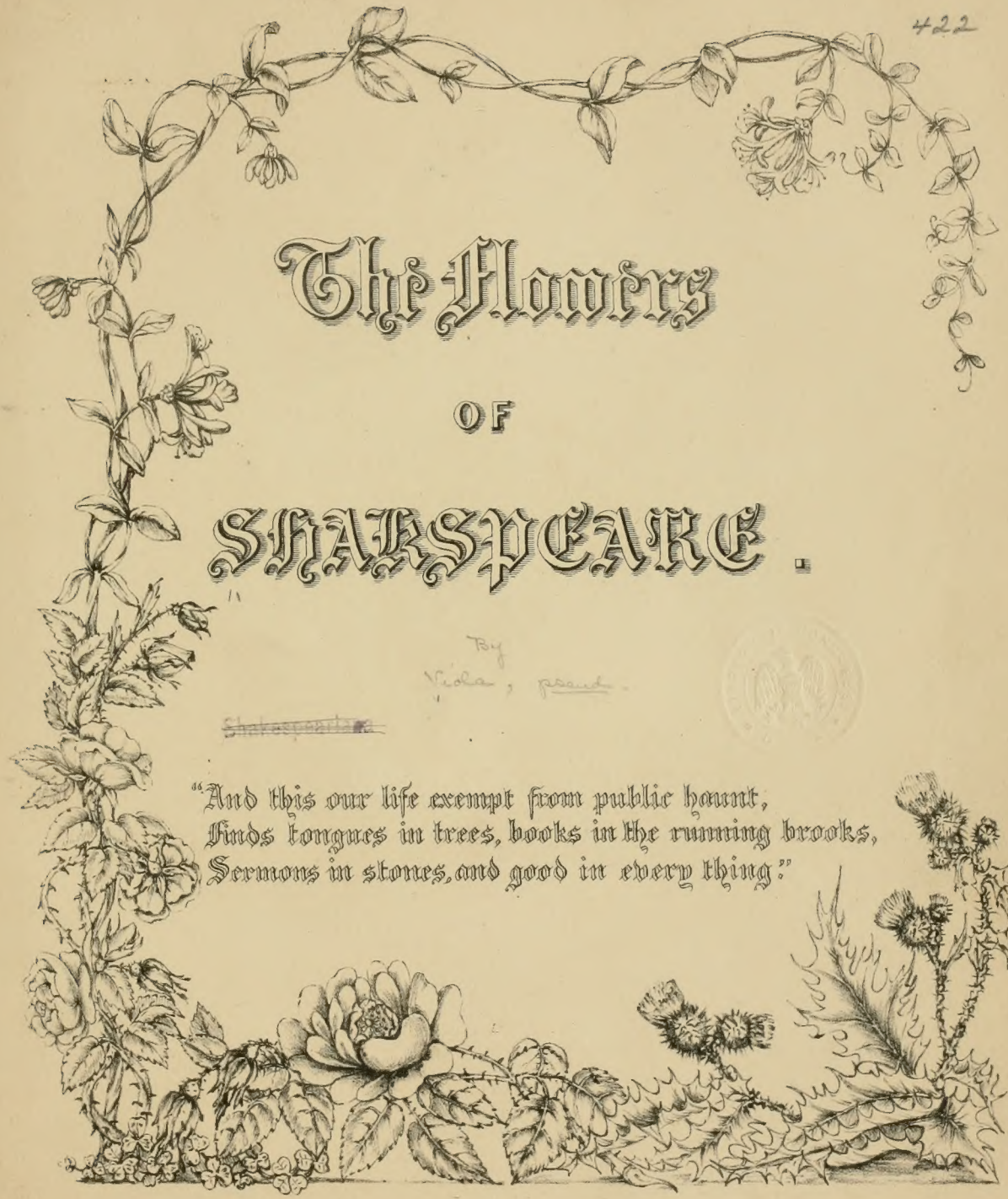






172

422



# The Flowers OF SHAKESPEARE.

By  
Viola, pseud.

"And this our life exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

PR 3041  
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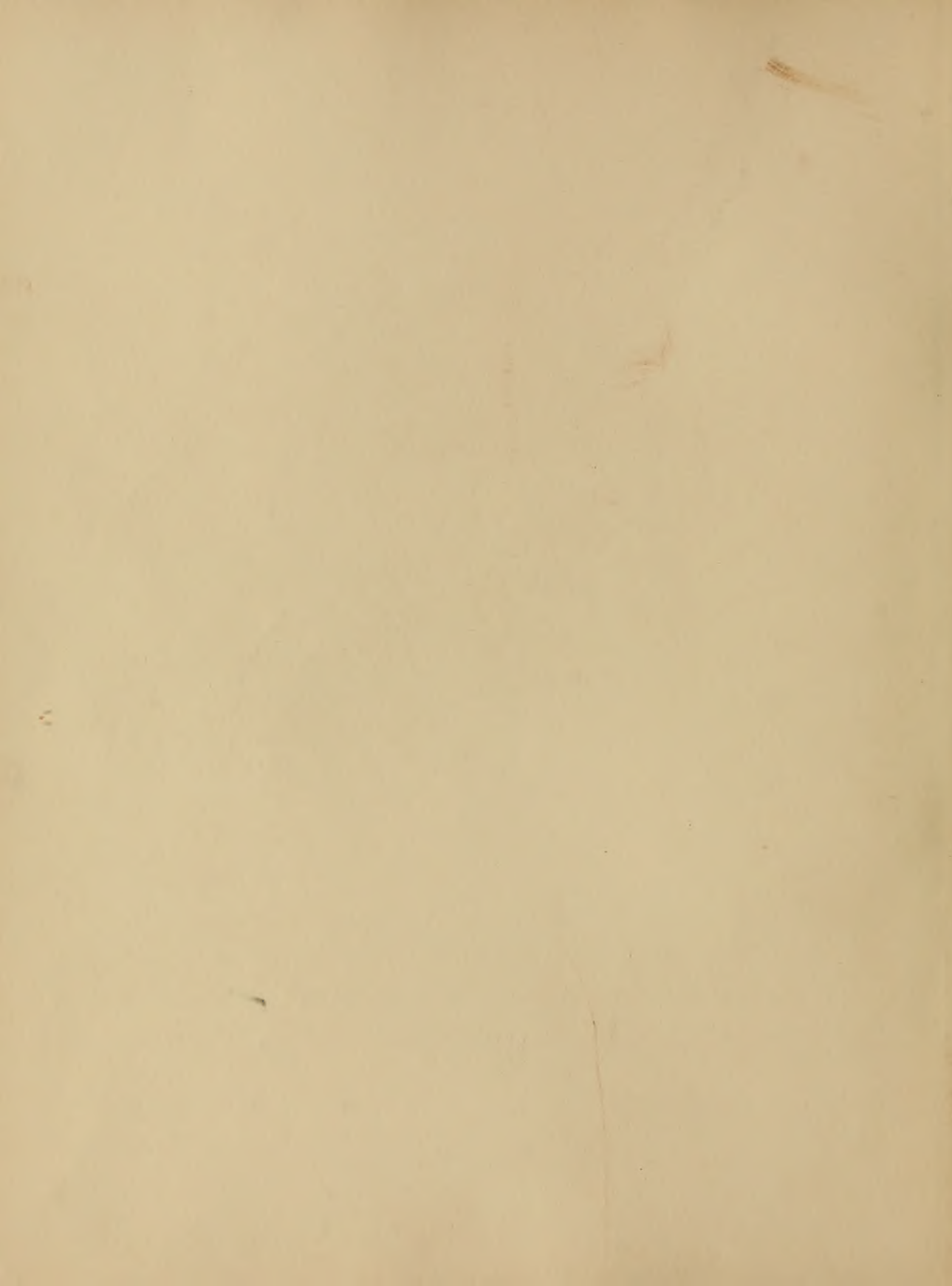
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So I charmed their ears  
That calf like they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd Briers, sharp Furzes prickled Gorse & Thorn.

Tempest.  
Act 4<sup>th</sup> Scene 1<sup>st</sup>





That strain again: it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of Violets  
Stealing and giving odour.





eres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of Wheat Rye Barley Vetches, &c. &c. &c.  
Thy luscious mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads hatch'd with stover them to keep.





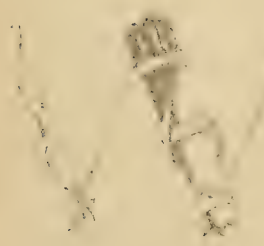
come with our family no French words  
With Huckleberries, Hemlock, Nettles, Cockoo, Pigeons,  
Quail and all the Idle needs that grow  
In our sustaining Corn.





merciful heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Splitt'st the unregenerate and grinded Den,  
Than the soft Sybil's. —





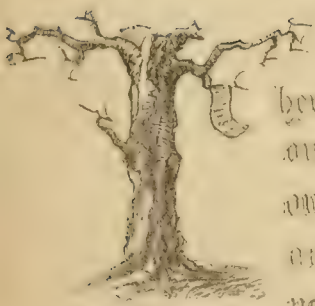
*Prostrata pubescentissima*  
*in habitum* *et* *coloribus*  
*et* *habitu* *et* *coloribus*  
*et* *habitu* *et* *coloribus*





High, ho! sing high, ho! unto the Green Holly:  
None so merry as reigning, most loving more jolly:  
Then, high ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.





here is a man haunts the forest, that abuses  
our young plants with carving Rosalind  
on their barks; hangs odes upon Hawthornes,  
and elegies on Brambles; all forsooth, denying the  
name of Rosalind.

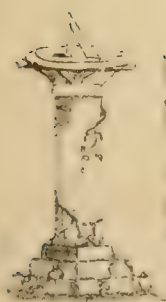
As you like it.  
*Act 3<sup>rd</sup> Scene 2<sup>nd</sup>*





Sleep thou and I will wind thee in my arms  
 Fairies begone and be all ways away,  
 So doth the Woodbine, the sweet Honeysuckle  
 Gently entwist - the female Ivy so  
 Curings the barked fingers of the Elm.





know a bank whereon the Maiden-thyme blows,  
 Where Pinks & the nodding Violet grows,  
 Whence comes the cuckoo with his Woodbine,  
 With our Musk-roses & with Eglantine.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Act. 2.<sup>nd</sup> Scene 2.<sup>nd</sup>





id her stral into the pleached bower,  
 Where Honeysuckles ripen'd by the sun.  
 Forbid the sun to enter like favorites  
 That push by pilars, that advance their power  
 Against that power that bred it



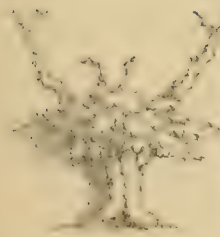


he seasons alter: hoary headed frosts  
 Fall on the fresh lap of the Crimson Rose;  
 And on old Hyems chin and icy crown  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet Summer Buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set.

Midsummer Nights Dream.  
 Act 2<sup>nd</sup> Scene 2<sup>nd</sup>






 et mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;  
 It fell upon a little western flower,  
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;  
 And maidens call it, *Love-in-idleness*.

Midsommer Nights Dream





our dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and houghs that wing the midway air  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers Saffron; dreadful trade!

King Lear,  
Act 4<sup>th</sup> Scene 7<sup>th</sup>





esario, by the Roses of the Spring,  
By maidenhood, honor, truth, & everything,  
I love thee so, that, naugre all my pride,  
Nor wit, nor reason can my passion hide.

Twelfth Night,  
Act 3<sup>rd</sup> Scene 1<sup>st</sup>

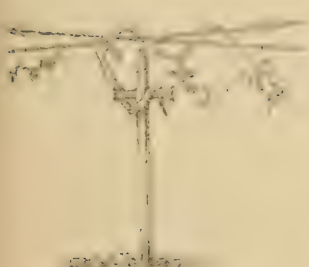




**B**ut thou art fair, and at thy birth dear boy!  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great;  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with Lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown Rose.

King John.  
*Act 4.<sup>th</sup> Scene 2.<sup>nd</sup>*





he Strawberry grows underneath the Dettle,  
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation,  
 Under the veil of wildness; which no doubt,  
 Some call the Summer-guest, and some the Bird;  
 Unseen, yet crescent in his faculty.





The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled Cowslip, Burnet and green Clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives his idleness, and nothing breeds  
 But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Reckless Pansies,  
 Losing both beauty and utility.

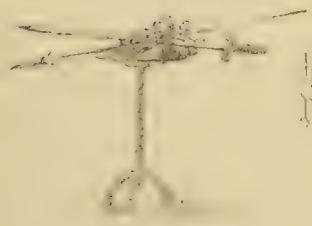




His brawl to day  
brought to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
shall end between the Red rose and the White,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Long. 1561.





here lies were Four Red Roses on a stalk,  
 Which in their summer beauty kissed each other,

Amy Barker 1880





the trees, tho summer yet forlorn and lean,  
Percome with Moss and baleful Mistletoe.

But straight they told me they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal Yew;  
And leave me to this miserable death.





The fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our Carnations & streak'd Gillflowers.







In the vale you are at the foot of the mountain;  
 Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
 The Oaks bear mast, the Briers scarlet hips;  
 The bounteous housewife nature, on each bush  
 Flays her full mess before you.





here's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray  
you love remember, and there is Marjoram, that's for  
thoughts.

There's Primrose for me and Columbine, there's  
here for you and here's some for mother may  
call it herb of grace o' Sundays.

There's a Daisy, I would give you some  
Violets, but they wither'd all when my  
Father died.





Here is a Willow grows account the track,  
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,  
 Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
 Of Crown flowers, Nails, Pinks, and Roses.





ith fairest flowers  
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Kidele  
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
 The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose, nor  
 The azure Hare-bell, like thy veins: no, nor  
 The leaf of Eglantine, whom not to slender  
 Outsweeten'd not thy breath:  
 Yea, and fur'd Moss besides, when flowers are none  
 To winter-ground thy corse.





Thin the infant root of this Small flower  
Pleison hath residence and medicine power;  
For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.











Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

**Preservation Technologies**

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